

Mendico-Hymen

SEU,

TUPHLO-PERO-GAMIA.

THE

Beggar's Match.

Translated from the Latin.

The Second Edition.

Gold and Grandeur were unenvied Things.
Epil. to Cato.



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MDCCLXIII.

TO the Reverend
T Mr. *Thompson*, Se
nior Fellow of Trinity
College, *Dublin*: This
humbly Dedicated by

His most

Obedient

Servant.

MENDICO-HYMEN:

O R,

The BEGGAR's Match.

Passibus haud Aequis graditur. --Mend. Hym.

SAY gentle Hymen, God of chaste Delights,
Thou virtuous Guardian of the Marriage Rites.
And *Venus* say, (for as the Ancients sing,
Thy Fingers too have worn the Marriage Ring.
Say, how the begging Pair, who us'd to rove,
(So poor in all Things, but so rich in Love ;)
Say, what induc'd this wand'ring Pair to wed,
And try the Pleasures of the Nuptial Bed ;
How they, who late, had each a sep'rate Home,
Now friendly live beneath one common Dome :
How both unite, their present Woes t'assuage,
And prop the Ruins of declining Age.

NOT far from hence, where *CAVAN's-PORT* extends
Its flow'ry Meads, and near the City ends ;
There, where the Richness of the Pasture yields
A plenteous Crop, and crowns the verdant Fields :
A little Cabin lifts its smoaky Head,
And Walls of Mud, support the Airy Shed ;
There canting Beggars, keep their daily Stand,
And whine out Blessings on the bounteous Hand ;
And when the Night returns, their Labours cease,
Th' enjoy their Alms, and then lie down in Peace ;
And all they have, or all they're like to have,
Is but the publick Bounty, which they crave.

HERE *Corydon* once liv'd, an happy Swain,
Lord of the Herds, and all the Neighb'ring Plain.
His Time, in happy Measures slid along,
His Flock, his Care ; some Shepherdess, his Song :
He knew no publick Care, or private Grief ;
No rank Diseases, or the guilty Thief,
Were thinn'd the Number of his thriving Herd,
And others lost, when his alone was spar'd.

His teeming Ewes bring forth their tender Lambs,
Which tho' contus'dly bleating, own their Dams.
A weighty Fleece soon cloaths the tender Young,
And all's too happy to continue long.

BUT Fortune, fickle as the Winds or Seas,
(Aptest to vex, when most she seems to please.)
Now knits her alter'd Brow in sullen Frown,
And Loads of Evil bow the Shepherd down.
The Thief invades his Fold, while he's asleep,
And robs the Owner of his choicest Sheep:
Of all the fattest *Corydon's* bereft,
And conscious Night conceal'd the Villain's Theft.
Nor was this all: ————— a dire Contagion spread;
And strew'd the Pasture with infectious Dead.
There walk'd a Sheep, with Half a Fleece array'd,
And here another, gasping as he stray'd:
Till both infecting, and infected die.
Nor leave a Lamb that can their Place supply:
For what the lurking Thief and Sickness spare,
The rav'nous Foxes (worse than Sickness) tare.
Nay, more. ————— A casual Fire his Dwelling burns,
And all his Goods to smoaking Embers turns.
How shall the Shepherd all these Ills oppose?
Misfortune meets him wheresoe'er he goes,
Adds to his Grief, and doubles all his Woes:
For while he mourns these Ills, his House on Fire,
And tender Flocks, which in his Sight expire;
A sharper Evil wounds the tortur'd Swain;
(All Mischiefs else, seem'd Pleasure to this Pain.)
Both Legs he broke, — such dreadful Crowds of Ill,
Pursue the Shepherd, and distract him still!
His Woolly Flocks no more the Shepherd tends,
(A Beggar now) with piteous Cries he rends
The Ears of Passengers, and begs Relief,
The smallest Bounty, to assuage his Grief.
A cold, damp, dirty Hut, is all his Seat,
Whose House was erst, so comfortably neat;
Such fickle Changes in this Life we find!
So many Evils to distract the Mind!

NOT far from his, did *Sybarillis* dwell,
(So near was his to *Sybarillis's* Cell,
That *Corydon* with Ease cou'd fling a Stone,
And hit the Maiden, as she sat alone.)
Blind was this neighb'ring Beggar, (hapless Dame!)
Who often as a friendly Neighbour came;

Too oft she came, where the poor Cripple lay,
 And with amusing Chat, deceiv'd the Day!
 For burning Love within his Bosom reigns,
 Works ev'ry Nerve, and boyls in all his Ve'ns:
 His Thoughts, the musing Shepherd, on a Time,
 Express in Words like these: ——— but not in Rhyme.

HOW cruel Fortune has been, late, to me:
 So sorely feel, and all Mankind may see:
 No Step-dame to an Infant so severe!
 And gentle Step-dames are a Sight most rare.)
 My Flocks, my House, and all my Substance gone!
 These Losses little, if compar'd to one;
 My broken Limbs are what I most bewail,
 For had I Legs, I'm sure I cou'd not fail.)
 Nor have I met one Friend to sooth my Cares,
 Or with the Voice of Comfort stay my Tears:
 Till smiling Fortune, (once again grown kind;
 In Pity to my wretched State, and tortur'd Mind:)
 At length hung *Sybarillis* in my Way,

Whose Beauty glads my Heart, and warms the Day.
 The Joys she brings will give her Lover Rest,
 And drive all Sorrows from his wounded Breast.
 THUS *Corydon*, with tender am'rous Sighs,
 Wins the enkindling Flame in which he dies.
 NOR a less secret Love on *Syby's* Part,
 Creeps thro' her Veins, and centers in her Heart.
 He knows not what to do, ——— She loves so well!
 That when she tries her hidden Flame to tell,
 A thousand Fears perplex her doubting Mind,
 lest he should spurn her Mind, and prove unkind.
 Her aged Breast, with doating Passion burns,
 And youthful Fervour thro' her Limbs returns.

BOTH lov'd, alas! and both their Loves conceal'd,
 To neither was the other's Love reveal'd.

But Pent-up Fires with Ten-fold Fury blaze,
 And Love's a Fire, ——— as ev'ry Lover says.)

The undone Shepherd's smitten by the Dame:

——— And wounded *Sybarillis* says the same ———
 Not greater Pain did *Corydon* e'er prove,
 Nor less did *Syby* pine in secret Love.

FOR when at Night, the restless Dam'sel tries,
 In balmy Sleep to close her useless Eyes,
 The dear Remembrance of her crippld Swain,
 Turbs her Slumber, and renews her Pain.

With various Passions tost, she tries all Ways,
 But none succeed, or bring the with'd for Ease.
 What Method had she us'd — ? what left untry'd —
 To pluck the goading Passion from her Side?
 With, or without her Swain the Maiden dies;
 When absent, she laments, when present, sighs.
 Now, restless to the Fields, alone she flies,
 Sometimes she stops, — then on the Meadow lies —
 --- Now strives to slumber on the verdant Ground —
 --- Then starting, rises with a nimble Bound. —
 To speak, the wretched Female often try'd, —

— As oft her Tongue its wonted Aid deny'd.
 At length, her trembling Voice again obey'd;
 And thus, with fault'ring feeble Sound she said,
 WHAT strange Disease lies lurking in my Blood?
 My tasteless Palate loaths the slighted Food;
 My akeing Temples have forgot to rest,
 And all my Members are with Pain oppress'd.
 Sure, 'tis the Prelude to some strange Disease,
 When neither downy Rest, nor Food can please.
 Say, — am I well — ? or is it fancy'd Pain —
 The Creature of a weak distemper'd Brain?

Ah! no! — too sure I feel the pungent Woe —
 Th' Occasion, then, is all I want to know.
 Why am I tortur'd thus with anxious Cares?
 Nor know a Reason for my falling Tears?
 — My Can, unbroken, in my Cabin stands,
 And all my Platters, safe from Robbers Hands:
 — My Spoon of Horn, I'm sure, is safe at Home.
 Why do I then, like one distracted, roam — ?
 Alas! too late, I find th' afflicted Part — ?

— 'Tis Love's the Sicknesh, preys upon my Heart
 I'll seek the Cure for my Disease, and live, —

— The fittest Medicine, *Corydon* can give.
 URG'D by these Thoughts, her Steps the Dam'el guide
 To the Hut, where cripp'l'd *Corydon* resides.
 No Dog, now leads the groaping Maid along,
 Which us'd to lead her by a lengthen'd Thong:
Cupid (tho' blind) conducts the wary Dame,
 And guides her Foot-steps, with his splendid Flame.
 There — while she talk'd, Time pass'd neglected by
 Her Tattle charm'd his Ear, her Form his Eye.
 Then, with her Hands, she wander'd o're his Face,
 To feel his Beauties, and his Features trace;

oft, thus survey'd the lusty Swain with Care,
Pleas'd with his brawny Back, and bushy Hair,
Then sweetly kissing, laid, what none but they,
Who love, and wait returning Love, could say.

A T length poor *Corydon* disclos'd his Mind,
In softest Accents, and with Words most kind :

But ere his Lips his conscious Love betray'd,
With eager Kisses he devour'd the Maid.

Now *Sybarillis*, hear my piteous Tale,
Propitious, hear, what I shall now reveal :

I burn with Love — then Kisses plead his Cause ---

She gives as many to prolong the Pause —

I burn with Love — thy Charms have fir'd my Heart,
Ev'n now, thy Presence kindles ev'ry Part.

Fortune long since, has made her Game of me,
And left me cripp'd, as the World may see.

Do not with fickle Fortune then conspire,
But save your Lover from this scorching Fire.

T H E N *Syby* answer'd in a pleasing Strain,
And thus coquetted with her Shepherd's Pain.

What others loath, the blinded Swain approves,
Balbinus-like, her very Sores he loves.)

A L A S ! what Charms ? what Pleasure canst thou find ?

With an unhappy Woman, weak, and blind ?

Besides — they tell me, (who are blest with Sight,))

My Rev'rend Locks are now with Age grown white.

I'm sure, I feel my wonted Strength decay,

And all my wasting Vigour melts away.

My Body, shatter'd, and grown wan with Cares,

Bows down beneath the Weight of many Years.

Thus spake the aged Dame, — but still her Heart,

Deny'd her Words, tho' cover'd thick with Art.

The Bait was well prepar'd ; the Net well laid ---

And thus, with quick Reply, the Shepherd said,

O U R Ages are alike alike our Years ;

And both have suffer'd with as equal Cares :

And therefore, 'tis we both shou'd seek to find

Some Help-mates, in our Trouble, soft and kind :

Nor do I know a more convenient Pair,

Than *Corydon* and *Sybarillis* are —

Mark, how the one, the other's Wants supplies —

--- *Syby*, -- has Feet, — and *Corydon* has Eyes. ---

You'll walk for me — and I'll direct thy Ways —

--- Thus satisfy'd, we'll bear our Wants with Ease.

When

When Two agree, with equal Strength, t'unite,
The greatest Burden, then becomes more light.

And thus the Matron —————

A H! *Corydon*! at length the thin Disguise,
Discloses all my Passion to your Eyes.

What other Cause so often makes me groan?

And sigh my very Soul out, when alone?

Whate'se, but Love, so often brings me here?

When nought, but *Corydon*, my Heart can chear?

(Whate'er in former Speeches I have said)

I long to be the Partner of thy Bed,

To have the sacred mystick Ribbon ty'd —————

————— My Soul already is become thy Bride —————

I heard thy Words, and all thou said'st approv'd,

I wanted but to know, if I'm belov'd.

Happy it were, if long e're now I'd known,

This mutual Love we now agree to own,

For ---- Seven Trenchers and one Pot I have,

A Tub to hold what Water I can save;

A Frying-pan, Three Platters, and a Spoon,

With little Tongs to stir my Fire at Noon.

These, and ought else, within my Hut enclos'd,

To each rapacious Beggar lie expos'd.

Each pilf'ring Boy my crumbling Walls may break,

Work thro' the Sod, and all my Substance take.

What cou'd an old, a poor, blind Woman say?

Or how defend her from that dreadful Day?

Who neither sees the Thief, nor what he steals away? }

These Ills, thy watchful Presence may prevent,

And save my Cabbin from the dire Attempt.

Alas! ev'n now, my boading Heart's most sure,

That some one's breaking in my fasten'd Door,

Some such Misfortune it presages near:

So thick, it beats with unaccustom'd Fear!

Come ——— Let's be gone then, e'er the Thieves succeed,

Prevent the Villains ——— Let us fly with Speed ———

——— Nor stay for Victuals ——— That shall be my Care——

I'll dress thy Supper, and thy Meat prepare.

GO, Happy Pair! in strictest Bonds ally'd!

Whom Nature joins, and can alone divide.

'Tis thus, their Riches, and their Joys 'ncrease,

Their Cares grow lighter, and they smile in Peace.

So *Corydon* express'd his hidden Flame!

And so was answer'd by the am'rous Dame!

Thus

Thus joyn'd their former Ills no more remain,
They lose the Trouble, and deceive the Pain.

WITH Crutch in Hand, the Shepherd follows straight,
But she outstrips his loyt'ring hobbling Gait,
For tho' his wooden Legs support him strong,
He drags behind, a dangling Length of Leggs, along:
Lab'ring, he strives her equal Steps to gain,
Unhappy Fate!) he lab'ring strives in vain;
Press'd by the weighty Swain, his wooden Propps
But slightly fasten'd) loose, and down he drops.

—Such slight Support, a wooden Leg supplies!
For if, by Chance, one single Strap unties,
Down drops the Cripple——and there he' pless lies) }
With pond'rous Bulk, he tumbl'd Crutch and all,
His Buttocks quiver'd, and report his Fall.

'TIS so, th' unweildy Elephant reclines,
Propp'd up by aged Oaks or lofty Pines:
And when a Sawe divides the Tree in twain,
It falls, incumbent on the loaded Plain;
—The hideous Ruin frights the trembling Ground——
The Plain, the Thickets, and the Vales resound——

This *Sybaritis* heard, and sighing, said,
OFT have these Thoughts perplex'd my doubting Head
Sure, we're neglected by the immortal Gods,
Who indolently loll in blest Abodes——

Why, else, do such Uncertainties turn round?
Such dark Disorders do this Frame confound?
Such boyst'rous Chances toss th'unsteady World,
Amids Ten thousand dreadful Mischiefs hurl'd?
How insufficient Means are to their Ends!
How small the Thread on which our Fate depends!
Or, when our Lives from Dangers seem'd immur'd,
Our Happiness in strictest Bonds secur'd,
The slightest Pull——the loosen'd Knot unties,
Our Fate comes tumbling——and our Pleasure dies——

——falls my *Corydon*, now prostrate laid,
Whose wooden Leggs deny their wonted Aid.
But since stern Fortune. (whom we daily meet)
P'n grudges you your supplemental Feet;
Ascend my Shoulders——firmly keep your Seat—— }
Whose Shoulders us'd to bear less welcome Weight!)
Press'd with Labour, and the Noon-day Heat.
Now sit secure——direct the smoothest Way——
And guide my Footsteps to prevent Delay.

'T WAS

'T WAS thus, if thus we may presume to join,
The Subjects of great MARO's Verse and mine.)
The good ÆNEAS bore his aged Sire,
And snatch'd his Bed-ridden Father from the Fire.

— His pious Back beneath the Pressure bends
And to his Toes the trickling Sweat descends :
So great his Charge ! So far his Care extends !

AT last, the loaded Matron reach'd her Hutt,
(Oft there, with out-stretch'd Arms, her Alms she got ;
And with one Push, her Door she open'd wide,
(For, only with a Bit of String 'twas ty'd.)
Then entering, laid her heavy Burthen down,
And thus she welcom'd Home her lovely Clown.

HERE, long and happy live, these Walls be thine ;
(For sure, thou shalt enjoy whatever's mine.)
Here, may'st thou reap untainted Joys, and pure,
Nor more remember, that thou hast been poor.
Take all my Riches, all my Goods receive ;
(If my small Wealth, can all thy Wants retrieve)
Here long and lonesome, hitherto I've dwelt,
Nor, e'er the Joys of social Converse felt ;
No friendly Consort, to partake my Sighs,
Or cheer my Heart, when any Woes arise.

— But now, from Cares, from Pain, from Trouble free,
I'll find a Guard, a Consort, and a Friend in thee.

SHE said, with hospitable Thoughts intent
Around her Hut, the busied Matron went.
With Sticks and Bushes, she builds up a Fire,
(Thro' ev'ry Pore, large Drops of Sweat perspire.)
For Want of Bellows, with her Mouth she blows :
And (fumbling) to the Hearth, applies her Nose,
Then calls *Fitz-Paddy* of peculiar Fame,
But *Mortough* is his noted Christian Name,
O Bryan too, and *Manus* near ally'd,
And both related by the Mother's Side ;
She calls old Dame *Macfarfan* as a Guest
And both *Tralaurs* her Kinsmen, to the Feast.
Fam'd *Sheela* too, attends the Bridal Board —

— With many more too tedious to record.
From here and there, the crowding Beggars come,
And suddenly fill up the little Room.

A motly Tribe ! here stands a blear-ey'd Dame —
And there — an old Man — coughing up his Phlegm :
Another

another, over-run with Lice and Itch,
 Talks restless, scratching his uncleanly Br ——— ch;
 ere, stands a Beggar blind of both his Eyes :
 and there, another with distorted Thighs:
 While, from among the crowded, ragged Bands,
 Thus, *Sybarillis*, urges her Commands.
 GO, Fly, *Tralauve*, on the swiftest Wing,
 With all the Speed that rapid Whirlwinds bring;
 e got; all Father *Phelomy*, an holy Priest,
 ly near Relation, and a welcome Guest :
 I know no fitter Clergyman than he
 o join my happy *Corydon* and me :
 ot far from hence he lives — make no Delay ———
 ine; We wait his Coming, with Impatience — say, —
 hen, by 'yond Hill, across the Neighb'ring Stream,
 There, in her Father's House, you'll find the Dame :)
 am'd *Irish* Ditties, to the Harp she sings,
 and sweetly fits 'em to the trembling Strings:
 he'll touch the well-tun'd Wires in sprightly Airs,
 and with sweet Melody delight our Ears.
 — Return with Speed, and bring the Maid along,
 o grace our Nuptials with a lively Song.
 MEAN while, the busied Crowd, with willing Mind,
 e free; pursue the Tasks to which they're all assign'd.
 hey labour hard to make the Dishes white,
 The Thoughts of Supper makes the Labour light)
 hey now forget each tedious dismal Hour,
 While, some the Trenchers, some the Platters scour.
 anus goes out, (for he's the ablest Guest :)
 o dig Potatoes for the Nuptial Feast.
 hen to *O Bryan* gives the Basket full,
 Who dip'd and wash'd them in the standing Pool :
 he Water cleansing all the Filth away,
 obs the Potatoes of their native Clay,
 e tosses, rubs, and shakes, and twirls 'em round,
 hen leaves the Basket draining on the Ground.
 AND now, the Bride produc'd her secret Hoard,
 empties her Beggar's Pouch, and loads the Board:
 rge Cabbage-stalks, and Turnip-tops appear,
 and Scraps of various Kinds collected here.
 ith Butter-milk, the fragrant Cups are crown'd,
 and nought but noisy Mirth and Joy goes round.
 ith gabbling Dinn, the little Cabbins rings,
 me talk, another laughs, another sings;

Their

Their former Wants are all forgotten here :
Such Genial Warmth a Beggar's Heart can cheer !

WHAT anxious Cares in Palaces abound !
What Troubles do their splendid Courts confound !
The Cares of Nations all their Pleasure palls,
And Peace a Stranger to their pompous Walls.
With polish'd Ivory the Buildings shine ;
The Ceilings glitter with the richest Mine :
The solid Roof with Brazen Beams entire,
Goes taper up, and forms a gilded Spire :
On lofty Pillars, all the Fabrick stands,
Whose Beauty speaks the skilful Artiss's Hands,
But what avails this Pomp, this dazzling State ?
While ev'ry Care attends the spacious Gate ?
While Toil or Strife within the Dome appears,
To rack the Owners with Ten thousand Fears ?

NOR is this Cabbin free from Toil and Care,
Whose Walls of Mud the little Hovel rear.
The Rich, with Plenty surfeited, complain,
And Beggars groan beneath as griping Pain.

— They want a Cloath---the Bridegroom looks agast
Distorts his Visage, ——— and thus speaks at last.

WHAT Shifts does Poverty compel us to ?
How many Things she makes poor Mortals do ?
She troubles, vexes, and disturbs the Mind,
Her dreadful Countenance affrights Mankind ;
She's proud, imperious, haughty, and severe,
She's light as Wind, and unconfin'd as Air ;
She plays the Tyrant in a merry Vein,
And seems to joke, when she afflicts with Pain.
Time was ! when *Corydon* could well afford,
Clean Table Linnen for the plenteous Board !
Yes ! once I could ! ——— but that once happy Day
With swiftest Moments wing'd, has fled away !
Let us endeavour to relieve this Ill
Some Remedy perhaps might offer still.
A pregnant Wit will find out various Ways,
To make Misfortunes fit with greater Ease.
When Want oppresses, to lie down resign'd,
Denotes a lazy, base, degen'rate Mind.
What great Inventions Men in Want devise !
How many Arts from Hunger take their Rise ?
This Cloak---diversify'd with various Hue
Which serves for Cloak, Coar, Vest, and Breeches too.

This,

This, which defends me from the Dog-star Heat,
 Convenient to my Wants in ev'ry State,
 This Cloak shall serve for Napkins with our Meat.

HE said, ——— with Fist and Club he thump'd away
 Whole Clouds of Dust which in the Foldings lay.
 Then shakes it well, and on the Table spreads
 The Robe, compact of many colour'd Shreds.

——— This sly Contrivance gives the jolly Crew
 A merry Topick of Discourse, and new,
 They crown his Genius with a loud Applause,
 And (stretch'd with Laughter) tire their aking Jaws:

WHEN this was done, *Tralaur'* runs sweating in
 Such Expedition is not often seen.)

His Message he perform'd, and with him came
 Old Father *Felom*, and the Harping Dame.

—Then straight the Bridegroom bad them shut the Door,
 They all stand round about the little Floor :

While *Corydon* leads forth his willing Bride,
 To get the Knot indissolubly ty'd.

The Priest, around their Necks, a Ribbon throws,
 And mutters something thro' his snuffling Nose;
 Some unintelligible, mystick Sound;

By which their Hands were join'd, the Ribbon bound.

The Bride-cake next. but whence this Custom came,

What Time, or what the learned Author's Name,

No Records tell ——— nor will we here enquire ———

(We can't do all Things, should we so desire.)

The mouldy Fragments of a broken Pye

Are all the Bride-cake, Beggars can supply;

These *Felom* breaks, and scatters them about,

Like Show'rs of Hail, among the scrambling Rout.

With out-stretch'd Hands, and gaping Mouths they wait,

Then rush together on the falling Meat.

One Man secures his Share with both his Feet,

Another snatches up a little Bit.

One reaches with his Crutch, ——— another falls,

Costs the rest, and gathers as he crawls.

The rest with Laughter tir'd, and overcome,

Confound each others Ears, and shake the Room.

SO rush the Beagles on the tim'rous Hare,

Fight for their Shares, and every Member tear;

With rav'nous Jaws one champs the crackling Skull,

The Legs another rends with hasty Pull;

Some seize the Neck ——— the echoing Woods resound

The various Cries of each devouring Hound.

BUT

BUT now the Supper on each Platter glows,
 And sends a grateful Fume to ev'ry Nose.
 They take their Places — then with Tooth and Nail
 They greedily secure the tender Cale :
 The boy'd Potatoes, next, their Jaws invade,
 Mash'd up with Milk, and on the Table laid.

THE Lionesses thus intent on Prey,
 Devour the tender Lambs, and feast the Day.
 Their Mouths, with Blood, the panting Bowels stain,
 Which seem to writhe, as sensible of Pain :
 Then with impatient Thirst, lap up the Blood,
 Yet warm with Life, and reeking as it stood.

THEY crack their Jokes — the biting Jest fly round
 And vex each other with a secret Wound.

THRICE happy Folk ! whom Drink like this inspires
 With sparkling gay Conceits and blyth Desires !
 Replete with thick sour Milk, they quaff the Bowl,
 To whett the Genius, and refine the Soul ;
 They tell their merry Tales, Wit flows apace,
 And Gladness brightens up in ev'ry Face.
 So soon a Bumper can inspire the Soul !
 Such are the Effects of a full flowing Bowl !
 Thou too harmonious Lyre, hast ev'ry Grace,
 Apollo's Wonder, and the Boast of Thrace !
 Thou Nurse of Mirth, thou lost Alloy for Pain,
 That mak'st the Beggar smile at proud Disdain ;
 Thou too, hast Charms to sooth a mortal Breast,
 Banish his Cares, and lull the Soul to Rest !

THE Harper now, begins to strike the Lyre,
 And like her Father, tunes each jarring Wire.
 Swift run her Fingers o'er the trembling Strings,
 While in melodious Numbers, sweet she sings.
 — With sudden Clamour all the Crowd get up
 O'erturn the Stools, and ev'ry wooden Cap.
 In nimble Dance, they Hand in Hand unite,
 Grow mad with Joy, carousing in Delight.

'TIS so the Priestesses of *Bacchus* joyn,
 (Intoxicated quite, and mad with Wine.)
 In giddy Dances thus express their Joys ;
 And when their God inspires — with hideous Noise
 And frightful Howlings they torment the Air,
 Distort their Faces, and with Madness stare,
 With Shouts and Dances, they vex both Air and Ground
 The noisy Up roar Earth and Air resound.

What wondrous Vigour, Musick can inspire,
 Deceive Mens Troubles, with a gay Desire,
 and Ravish the Soul, and kindle into Fire!
 Here, an old Man, who falters as he talks,
 With Age grown feeble, trembling as he walks;
 shakes his old Buttocks, flings his Arms about,
 And laughs, and jumps, among the hobling Rout:
 The more he stirs, the Dotard shakes the more;
 And makes his Failing greater than before.
 There ——— a poor Cripple tries his Legs again,
 Throws by his Crutch, and mingles with the Train
 The Musick gives him (what he well deserves)
 Nerves to his Feet, and Vigour to his Nerves.
 So strong he moves! so well the Time observes!
 There ——— a blind Woman, stumbling, trots, and tries,
 With feeling, to supply the Want of Eyes:
 Moaping, she follows all their giddy Ways,
 And close to theirs, her warry Feet she lays,
 'TIS thus, ——— (if we believe old Peoples Tales)
 When Fairies dance on Mountains, or in Vales ———
 In long Array, the slender Forms unite,
 Join Hand in Hand, and revel all the Night:
 Lightly they skim along with nimblest Bound,
 And gently fan the Air with softest Sound.
 BUT now, the Sun had dipt his beamy Head
 Deep in the Chambers of the Waters laid:
 And balmy Night came on with Puppies crown'd,
 Shedding her drowsy Influence around ———
 When all, with Dancing, harrafs'd and oppress'd,
 seek to refresh their wearied Limbs with Rest.
 scarce *Corydon* contains ——— so fierce his Love!
 such Wishes in his restless Bosom move!
 Th' approaching Bliss in Fancy he perceives,
 His eager With his am'rous Thought deceives;
 The ravishing Idea fills his Head,
 He longs to plunge him in the Nuptial Bed;
 pants for Enjoyment, tickens with Desire
 of all those Joys a Bridegroom can require.
 THEIR Bed, compos'd with Straw and Wisps of Hay,
 close by the narrow Chimney-corner lay ———
 The solid Bed-sted, Mother Earth supplies, ———
 ——— And for the Bolster Heaps of Stones arise ———
 To Tap'stry, there, with living Figures breaths ———
 Curtains, hanging down in wanton Wreaths; ———
 Nor

Matthews

1948

Nor Silken Quilts, that boast the Purple Dye,
To please the Fancy, or amuse th^e Eye.

Such costly Furniture belongs to Kings;

The Poor must be content with cheaper Things —

A shaggy Rugg adorns this Bridal Bed —

What better can they get, who beg their Bread

HERE, *Sybarillis* many Times has lain,
Secure from chilling Snow and Winter Rain;

Snugg, in her little Hutt, and wrapt up warm,

Sh'enjoy'd her Blanket, and despis'd the Storm —

Or when the Night with sharper Tempests rag'd,

The Embers yet alive, the cold asswag'd —

The Bride now thinks it Time to close the Night

Sh'explores her Way to Bed, and scorns the Light;

Her groping Hands, around, the Maid extends,

Feels for the Stones, and easily ascends.

But *Corydon* —

Depends too much upon the faithless Stone,

He scorns his Crutch, and thinks to mount alone, —

But as he strives to lift himself from Earth.

Headlong he falls — a Victim to their Mirth.

Such are th'Effects of Love! — so blind are they,

So confident and headless of their Way.

Who trust themselves to Love's unthinking Sway!

— They laugh, yet pity the poor helpless Swain,

And lift the aged Bridegroom up again.

Then into Bed convey'd him to the Bride,

And down they gently laid him by her Side.

— With Ease he straight blew out the glimm'ring Light,

Which faintly strove to cheer the gloomy Night,

For slender Rushes lent their feeble Flame,

Whose winking Blaze confess from whence they came.

These *Sybarillis* pick'd on marshy Ground,

(One Evening walking where they most abound.)

From the green tender Pith she stripp'd the Hide,

Then hung them in her Chimney till they dry'd.

And till the Grease, (which she prepar'd before)

Found free Admittance into ev'ry Pore.

The Grease supply'd, and fed the lambent Blaze,

Which brighter shone, and burn'd with greater Ease.

— THE Candles thus put out, — forth rush the Crowd

Clap to the Door, with Noise and Laughter loud,

Then groping out their Way, they quit the House,

And leave the Bridegroom with his lovely Spouse.

F I N I S.